"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"

Episode #59.

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11:30 to 12:30 P.M. C.S.T. APRIL 13, 1933 THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA:

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers."

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET

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(SOUND OF DOOR)

JIM:

JERRY:

JIM: Hello, Jerry. How you getting along out in the warehouse?

JERRY: (COMING UP) Pretty fair, Jim. I've got most of the stuff assembled now.

JIM: That's good. Got the bed rolls made up?

JERRY: No, I haven't started on them yet. I was getting the grub ready.

JIM: Uh-huh

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JERRY: There's someone knocking, Jim.

JIM: (CALLS) Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

MARY: (OFF) May I come in?

JERRY: Oh, it's you, Mary? Good morning, Mary.

JIM: Well, it's the schoolma'm, eh? Sure, come right in.

MARY: (UP) I just thought I'd stop by for a minute and see how you're getting along.

JERRY: Gee, I - we're glad you came, Mary. You're out early this morning.

MARY: Oh, I like to get out early these nice spring mornings.

JERRY: Sit down here, Mary. How are things going?

MARY: Fine, Jerry. - I can't stop only a minute. I just wanted to know how Mr. Robbins was getting along, and --

JIM: Me? I'm feelin' pretty pert this morning, Mary.

MARY: Oh, that's fine.

JIM: Yes ma'am. Frisky as a spring lamb. See here?

MARY: Oh, look! You're hardly limping at all now. Isn't that grand!

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JERRY: Sure. Jim's frozen feet are as good as new, he says.

MARY: Oh, I'm so glad. I wanted to know because we're having a little program at the school tomorrow afternoon, and I thought maybe you and Jerry could come, if you weren't too busy.

JIM: Well now, that'd be fine, Mary, but we're just fixin' right now to go away on a long trip.

MARY: A long trip? Jerry, too?

JIM: Yep.

MARY: Oh - uh - will you be gone a long time?

JERRY: Well, - uh -

JIM: (CUTTING IN) We're going forth to battle with an enemy of the forest.

MARY: Oh, but there aren't any fires now, are there, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Nope. This is another enemy that's invaded our forest. They're small, but there's lots of 'em.

MARY: What are they, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Well, the invaders are those damage-dealing scoundrels scientifically introduced as Dendroctonus, (Den-drock' -ton-us) but we usually refer to 'em as "bugs."

MARY: Oh, now I see. Tell me about them, won't you?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Want me to deliver a lecture on the subject?

MARY: Well, it sounds awfully interesting.

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JIM: Well - the invading insect army works a good deal like a regular army. Miles ahead of the main body a few scouts show up in scattered trees; then next year groups of them, sort of like combat patrols, come in, and the third year the attack advances and takes over the whole invaded territory. When we lose a forest area to the invaders it looks just about as desolate as if it had been attacked by our other old enmy, Fire. - I s'pect an insect attack isn't quite as spectacular as a forest fire, but it can do plenty of damage just the same.

MARY: Do they kill the trees?

JERRY: I'll say they do - slow but sure.

JIM: Yep, these bugs can cause losses of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Government, and to timberland owners, if the infestations reach epidemic proportions.

MARY: But what are these bugs like?

JIM: Well, they're not much larger than a mouse's eye. You see, they're a small, black beetle, and they attack practically all kinds of pine trees.

MARY: But I should think it would be a big job for such a tiny insect to kill a whole tree.

JIM: It would be, if he didn't have a lot of help from his brothers and sisters.

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JERRY: Yeah, that's when they do damage - when they get to swarming in large numbers. You see, the adult beetle bores through the bark of the tree and then bores a sort of gallery between the bark and the wood - and then he lays his eggs --

JIM: For the sake of accuracy, maybe you'd better say that she lays her eggs. (CHUCKLES)

JERRY: Yeah, I mean the fe--the girl beetles - they lay their -- kinda deposit their eggs along the sides of the galleries - see?

MARY: (LAUGHING) Are you continuing the lecture?

JERRY: Well, I was just trying to tell you how the bugs kill the pine trees.

MARY: Well, how do they? I suppose the eggs mean more beetles?

JERRY: Yeah, plenty of 'em. But first they hatch into little white grubs, see? - and go tunneling under the bark and pretty soon they have the whole tree girdled.

JIM: Yep, they cut through most vital part of the tree - the inner bark layer, just as sure as if you did it with an ax.

MARY: How many of these little bugs does it take to kill a tree?

JERRY: When we were examining the area where the bug infestation is, last fall, we found that from six to ten bugs entered each square foot of bark, and a tree about twenty-four inches d.b.h. --

MARY: What does that mean?

JERRY: I mean twenty-four inches diameter breast high - a tree like that has about four hundred square feet of bark surface, so that means about thirty-five hundred to four thousand beetles to a tree.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) See, Jerry knows his bugs.

MARY: I should say. But how can you kill so many bugs in a tree?

JIM: Well, one way would be to take each bug and put it on a steump and then give it a good thump on the head with an ax.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Now I know you're feeling better, Mr. Robbins. You're joshing, of course.

JERRY: Sure, he's kidding you, Mary. What we really try to do is put an end to the infestation by getting the bugs before they hatch. You see we'll have to get all the badly infested trees spotted, and then the bug crew'll either cut these trees and strip the bark off of 'em, or else burn oil on the trees so as to kill off the bugs inside.

MARY: Oh, I see.

JIM: And when the boys peel the bark off the trees, it seems like, some way or other, the call goes out through the woods that "soup's on," 'cause the chipmunks and squirrels and birds come rallyin' round and have a big time feasting on the beetle grubs.

MARY: Oh, isn't that interesting. The birds and squirrels are you allies in the battle.

JIM: Yep. -- I s'pect we'd better finish getting the supplies ready for our battle, too. An army's got to eat, even if it's a bug army.

MARY: Yes, of course.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Yep. The bug army goes forth to war, pretty sudden now, and our battle cry is

Here's to the bug called Dendroctonus,
He lives in the bark of the pine,
He hides from the sun,
The son-of-a-gun,

And he's harder to kill than a lion.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Oh - so that's your battle cry.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, it goes something like that. -- Jerry, how about getting the rest of our supplies assembled?

JERRY: Okay.

MARY: I'll run in and say hello to Mrs. Robbins before I go.

JERRY: All right - see you later, Mary.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF SETTING DOWN HEAVY BOX)

JERRY: (GRUNTS) Uh, that's a heavy one.

JIM: Just two more cases of canned goods, eh?

JERRY: Yep. Two more - and then the blankets, - and everything'll be ready for the camp. (SOUND OF MOVING BOX) There. -- Gee, that pile of food would look good in anyone's cellar.

JIM: Well, I guess the bug hunters won't object. Thirty men, after they work hard in the woods all day, sure can get away with lots of grub.

JERRY: You bet they can. -- Now for the bed rolls, Jim. How many blankets for each man?

JIM: We'd better figure on six to a man. It'll be pretty cold up there.

JERRY: Yeah. There's still some snow on the shaded slopes, but it won't be so bad at the campsite.

JIM: Nope, that place we picked out last fall will be okay. Plenty of wood and handy to water.

JERRY: Yeah, and plenty of room for the work tents and sleeping tents. -- Gosh, these blankets sure smell of moth balls.

JIM: Well, they're clean, anyway.

JERRY: Yeah. Mrs. Bowers and her boys did a pretty good job washing up our supply of wool.

JIM: Uh-huh. I reckon the money for washing three hundred blankets didn't look so bad to the widow Bowers either.

JERRY: (<u>COUNTING</u>) Three- four - five - six -- Six blankets to a roll.

JIM: Yep. Roll 'em up in a canvas cover - and tie 'em up tight as you can.

JERRY: Okay.

BESS: (<u>COMING UP</u>) My - such a pile of equipment.

JIM: Hello there, Bess.

BESS: Mary wanted to say goodbye before she left.

MARY: Yes, you didn't tell me that the insect control work was going to last a whole month, Jerry.

JERRY: Well, the camp's only twenty miles from here, Mary. I'll be getting in every now and then.

MARY: Oh. I didn't know that. I was afraid I wouldn't --

JIM: (CUTTING IN - KIDDING) Well now -- (CHUCKLING) I reckon the situation calls for a little tender farewell-saying at that, now. Think of Jerry here, up there among those ferocious pine beetles -

MARY: (LAUGHING) Oh now, Mr. Robbins -

JIM: And think of the danger - suppose he got sprayed with fuel oil by mistake - and then got his shirt tail caught on fire.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Say - quit kidding, Jim.

MARY: Are you going to be up there a whole month too, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: No. I'm figuring to leave Jerry in charge of the crew, soon as we get the camp set up. We'll see how he makes out as field marshal of the bug army.

JERRY: It won't be so bad, Mary. We've got a peach of a place for the camp - and we'll have plenty of grub and blankets and everything.

BESS: I should say. I always feel sorry for the mules every time I see a pile of supplies like that.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I s'pect the mules won't be so happy about it either. There's about two hundred and fifty pounds to go on each animal.

MARY: My, what a load.

JERRY: Yeah, and they'll have kind of hard going. too. There's still snow in some places and the creeks are high now.

JIM: Well, we'll soon be ready to have Slim start loadin' 'em, so you youngsters better be gettin' your good-byes said.

BESS: (SCREAMS) Oh, I'm ashamed of myself.

MARY: What's the matter?

BESS: I'm not the least bit afraid of a mouse, really.

MARY: A mouse! (YELPS) Where?

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Gosh, you women sure sing out your greetings to the cute little things.

MARY: I'm not really afraid of mice either. It just sort of startled me.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I guess that yelpin' kinda startled the mouse, too. -- Hmm. The corner of the blanket here is pretty badly chewed, -- isn't it? -- Jerry, looks like a few of these mice survived in spite of our precautions.

JERRY: Yeah. I guess we didn't get 'em all with the traps.

JIM: Let's see if any more of these blankets are damaged.

JERRY: There's another one with --

BESS: (SCREAMS AGAIN)

MARY: (YELPS) Another mouse?

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Hey now - you'll scare these poor mice to death - Look, there's one of 'em peeking at you from behind the tools over there, - in the corner.

BESS: Oh. -- Let me have that broom, Jerry. I'll show you if I'm afraid of those -

JIM: Stand over there, Jerry - and swat 'im if he goes that way. (CHUCKLES) All right now -- Look out, Mary --

(SOUND OF STAMPING, RATTLE OF TOOLS, SHOUTING, AND OTHER SOUNDS ASSOCIATED WITH MURDER OF MOUSE)

BESS: There!

JERRY: Gosh, you sure landed on that one, Mrs. Robbins!

BESS: Oh - the poor little thing!

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Feeling remorse already, Bess?

MARY: Oh - (YELPS) There's the other one!

JERRY: Where?

MARY: Under those tools - see?

JERRY: There he is! - Look out - I got 'im! -

(CRASH OF TOOLS FALLING)

JERRY: Ouch!

MARY: Oh Jerry! What happened?

JERRY: Doggone cross-cut saw fell on me.

JIM: Kinda cut you a little, didn't it?

MARY: Oh - why Jerry - it cut your arm!

JERRY: Aw, it's nothing - just a scratch. --

BESS: You come right in the house and let me fix it up, Jerry.

JERRY: NAW - don't bother, Mrs. Robbins. It's just a scratch - honest.

BESS: I'm going to do it up anyhow. You come right in the house.

JERRY: All right. I guess I've got my orders. -- Well, I got the mouse, anyhow.

JIM: Sure enough. - Here, want it for a souvenir, Mary?

MARY: (YELPS) Ooh - go way with that thing.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Don't want it, huh? - Well, Jerry, you'd better go along and let Bess fix that scratch up, so we can get back to making up these bed rolls here.

JERRY: All right.

MARY: I'll tell you good bye, first, Jerry. I have to be getting on to the school right away.

JERRY: All right. Good bye, Mary.

JIM: Here now (CHUCKLES) Saying good bye is a specialist's job. You youngsters get along now and do it right.

JERRY: (LAUGHING, GOING OFF) Okay. -- Even if I will be coming down here again in a few days - huh, Mary?

MARY: (GOING OFF) Of course - even a few days is a long time -

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, Bess. -- Gonna wish me a fond farewell?

BESS: (LAUGHING) Go 'way, Jim Robbins. It'll be a good thing to have you out of the way for a day or two.

(FADEOUT)

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ANNOUNCER: And now we leave the Rangers about to start their control campaign against the damaging insects that would wreak havoc in the forest.

And today, ladies and gentlemen, we join with Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers in saluting another veteran Forest officer - Ranger James J. Lowell of the San Isabel National Forest, Colorado. After twenty-nine years of service for Uncle Sam, Jim Lowell retires with a splendid record of achievement and efficient work. We can do no better than read you a part of a resolution adopted the other day by the Livestock Growers Association of Red Creek, Colorado, with whom Jim has had manydealings. The resolution, addressed to Jim Lowell, says: "We want you to know that in all these years we have felt that you have been fair and impartial as to matters pertaining to your official acts; you have been sympathetic in distress; you have been a friend, and we shall miss you greatly when you are gone. To those higher in authority who will detail your successor, we wish to say: Send us a ranger who has a practical knowledge of the forest and of the ways of men; one who can speak the language of the range and apply the principle of common sense to all things; one who can buddy with us out under the pines; one who can smile in adversity; one who has his faults, that we may love him the more -- for such a one is Jim Lowell."

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